NEW YORK JOURNAL
AND ADVERTISER.
W. R. HEARST.

162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1897.

WEATHER—Fair and warmer; southwest winds.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION TESTED.

The poll of voters of Greater New York, taken by a staff of more than a hundred reporters of the Journal yesterday, shows a political situation of the greatest interest to citizens of the consolidated municipality. Taken as it was without the slightest desire to make any political point or to serve any partisan end, it is of importance as giving facts where there has been only speculation, proffering figures where as yet observers of current politics have been forced to content themselves with vague estimates only.

This poll was taken in no limited section of New York. It was not gathered rashly or without regard to the responsibility which the Journal must accept in proffering its results to the public. Every man whose vote was counted signed a slip, and these slips, with names and addresses, are now in the possession of this paper. The men so voting cast their votes as follows:

For Mayor.

Van Wyck	8,888
Henry George	7,962
Seth Low	6,567
Tracy	4,827
Total	28,244

There are divers significant qualities in this poll. It shows, to begin with, the great strength which candidacies founded on principle can achieve without political organization or political experience to back them.

Henry George, without an organization, standing only as the representative of a body of citizens having a common purpose, still awaiting a formal nomination, not yet under the law a candidate, polls within 900 votes as many as the candidate of the Democratic organization in a usually Democratic city.

Seth Low, himself no politician, backed by men of sincerity but not versed in political organization, management or intrigue, standing on no partisan ticket, destitute of the aid which a national party behind would give, falls less than 2,500 votes behind the candidate of the once all-controlling Tammany, and polls more than 1,700 votes more than the regular Republican nominee, General Tracy.

These figures tell their own story. They speak at once of Tammany's strength and weakness. They show that a union of anti-Tammany forces will easily accomplish the defeat of that organization. They suggest, not prove, that Tammany has put itself in a position to be beaten.

THE CANDIDACY OF MR. LOW.

New York is fortunate in the character of the citizens upon whom it is able to draw for the service of the enlarged metropolis. It is evident that if the machine politicians do not appreciate the greatness of the opportunity that lies before the builders of the new government, the men whose brains and character constitute the glory of the city do. New York has no need to content herself with inferior servants when she can command the best. What city in the world has a better head than Seth Low, for instance? Mr. Low has lived in the public view from his earliest manhood. He has been loaded with responsibilities, and has risen to each in turn with an ease that suggested illimitable powers in reserve. He has filled the most important administrative positions, not only with credit, but with brilliancy. He has been generous, not at the expense of his heirs, but with his own means, in his own lifetime. Incurring the desperate hostility of the most unscrupulous men in politics, never given his enemies the satisfaction of ering a flaw in his character. He entered the at campaign at the solicitation of a body of ns associated for the single purpose of securgood government. His selection by such an orization as the ideal candidate for the first chief magistracy of the great new city was as high a compliment to him as his acceptance of the nomination was to the body that gave it. Whether successful or not, the Low movement, in its objects, its candidates and its supporters, will always be remembered with respect.

SPAIN'S WEAKENING HAND.

Are there to be two Queens to whom the cause of human freedom shall owe gratitude?

What the Queen of England did for the unity of the American people in 1861 is matter of history. The influence of Victoria was exerted persistently and sincerely to further the cause of the abolition of human slavery on the North American Continent, and to estop any European intervention which might check the progress of that great forward step of humanity.

There is a new slavery in our hemisphere to-day, slavery which is less humane than that which isted once in our Southern States; a slavery which means murder, theft and rapine; a slavery which has had its origin in military despotism and finds its expression in the drumhead court-martial.

Against this new slavery the Queen Regent of Spain has now set her face and her will. Not herself a Spaniard; wholly a woman with the fine instincts and the pure humanity of womankind, she could look only with horror on the Spanish misrule in Cuba. What American women thought of the methods of Weylerism in Cuba was made clear to her through the exertions of the New York Journal in its exposition of the infamies of the Cisneros case, and the impressive appeals which it cabled to the Spanish throne.

Already the Queen Regent has spoken. Recognizing the relation borne by the assailant of Senorita Cisneros to Azcarraga, she has called Sagasta to power in Spain. Knowing that the infamies of a Weyler regime would be intolerable to the civilized world, she has determined upon the recall of that General, whose soldierly qualities are compounded of cruelty and knavishness. Understanding that the oppression of Cuba could not longer be borne by the civilized peoples of the earth, the Queen has herself undertaken to compel reforms and to preserve the honor of a nation which she rules, but none of the national characteristics of which she shares.

The well-known fact that the United States and British Ministers to Spain are acting in thorough concert, coupled with the Queen Regent's declaration for a humane and civilized rule in Spain, shows that the protest of the people of this country against Weylerism has been effective. The Cisneros case will stand long as the crown of Spanish infamy, as the one issue which arrayed all humane and civilized peoples against Spain.

HENRY GEORGE'S CANDIDACY.

One of our evening contemporaries, which has long seemed entirely ignorant of the fact that Henry George was a factor in the New York Mayoralty contest this year, has learned, via the London Globe, these interesting facts regarding the candidacy of Mr. George:

Judging from the Times's dispatch, Henry George will be the next Mayor. The Americans do not exceed a quarter of the whole population, and the European Anarchists, Socialists, Italians, Poles, Hungarians and Russians, all the very lowest of their race, will support the man whose childish economies and wild theories are derided in every capital of Europe.

There could scarcely be a more misleading, unfounded, idiotic estimate of the character of Mr. George's support than this. It is worthy of the London Globe, which has always been the most rabid sufferer from Yankeephobia of all the London newspapers.

The facts in the case of Mr. George's candidacy are plain. He is a man of extraordinary intellect, sterling integrity, indomitable courage and stirring eloquence. His course since he has been before the public has been direct, straightforward and clear for all to see. American manhood, American statesmanship never presented a higher type. He stands before the voters of Greater New York to-day frankly as the exponent of a certain policy. He asks only the suffrages of those who believe with him, disdaining subterfuge or cajolery to enlist the support of men not in accord with him at heart.

Mr. George's candidacy is sprung neither from disorderly or foreign elements. Probably among his active adherents there is as great a proportion of sincere and intelligent citizens and voters as among the following of any other candidate before the people. They make a force to be reckoned with in the first election for the Mayoralty of Greater New York.

THE JOURNALISM OF ACTION.

May a newspaper properly do things, or are its legitimate functions confined to talking about them? That is the chief question at issue between the representatives of the new and the old journalism. It is universally admitted that a newspaper may deplore the existence of destitution and distress, and may even urge its charitable readers to relieve sufferers, but can it save lives itself without convicting itself of sensationalism? It may criticise corruption and maladministration in office, but has it a right to protect the public interests by deeds as well as words?

The Journal holds the theory that a newspaper may fitly render any public service within its power. Acting on this principle, it has fed the hungry, brought criminals to justice and enforced by legal methods the responsibility of public officials. And while these proceedings have not won the approval of contemporaries that preferred to confine themselves to speaking parts, they have been surprisingly popular. The recent national convention of municipal officials at Columbus afforded an opportunity to see how this assumption by a newspaper of the functions of agent and attorney for the people was regarded by the men whose duties required them to be especially conversant with public affairs. The remarkable symposium that appeared in Sunday's Journal was the result. The Mayors of the principal cities in the country, from Boston to San Francisco, agreed that a newspaper which took upon itself those public duties that were everybody's and nobody's business was performing a most useful service to the community. The action of the Journal in rescuing the streets from Commissioner Collis and his pet contractor, like its action of last Winter in preventing the gift of a ten-million-dollar franchise to the Gas Trust, has been enthusiastically commended. The Mayors of Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Denver, Albany, Indianapolis, Buffalo, Omaha and a dozen other cities join in approving the policy of action. The rectors of Trinity and St. Clement's and the First Assistant Postmaster-General of the United States take the same ground.

The journalism that does things has come to stay. There is still room for the old journals, however. They can occupy themselves in telling what the new journals are doing.

WAR BY CONTRACT.

Captain-General Weyler knows his rights, and, knowing, dare maintain them. It is all very well for Spain to be disgusted with his failure in Cuba and for the new Ministry to recall him; but business is business, and the Captain-General is, above everything else, a business man. His military activity has not for a moment distracted his practical mind from making money out of the war. It is universally believed that he has become a millionaire. In response to the invitation to quit he is said to be prepared to pull his contract, under the terms of which he is entitled to two years in which to suppress the insurrection. It is intimated that the Madrid Government, despite the contract and that fine sense of Spanish honor about which we read in current newspaper fiction, will, if necessary, drag Weyler by force over the counter and put somebody else in his place.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton, the novelist, doubtless takes a friendly, even a paternal interest, in the businesslike Captain-General. Mr. Stockton, we believe, originated the idea that nations, instead of themselves going to all the trouble and waste of making war by day's work, should call for sealed proposals and let out the job to the lowest bidder, the governments securing themselves by exacting bonds.

In the event of the Captain-General losing his present lucrative situation, he may, in view of his unpopularity at home, come to the United States and open an office. His advertisement would, because of its novelty, excite attention, particularly in the Latin-American republics of this hemisphere. A hero temporarily out of employment offering his services to suppress insurrections while you wait, on reasonable terms, could scarcely be overlooked by proud and passionate black-and-tan statesmen annoyed by a feeling of insecurity in their respective presidencies.

Wonder is felt and expressed in Europe that the United States has not long ago interfered to put an end to the Cuban war, which so shocks humanity. But it is overlooked that we are a peaceable and a commercial people, whose sentimental impulses are wisely controlled by our business instincts. The sympathy of these interests with Weyler has been conspicuously and steadily displayed, and their loyalty to him has occasioned at times a good deal of surprise, since the Cuban war has destroyed our commerce with the island, and more than once disturbed the stock market. The mention of the fact that the Captain-General is operating under a contract explains all. The sacredness of the obligation of contracts appeals with irresistible force to the noblest emotions of the commercial heart. Civilization would go down in ruin were that not so. Our national honor requires that the business interests should stand by Weyler. For in standing by him they stand by themselves, or their pockets, which is the same thing.

John Bull heartlessly figures that Paul Kruger's case of Bright's disease will carry him off in eighteen months. In case this computation is correct it will be just a year and a half before there will be a renewal of English operations in the Transvaal.

The difference betwen the Cuban policy of the Cleveland administration and the Cuban policy of the McKinley administration is chiefly in the frequent announcements that the latter named is on the point of doing something decisive.

It is rather strange that it has never occurred to the good people to send a few missionaries to Ohio, Indiana and other States where the lynching fever prevails.

If Mayor Harrison succeeds in his effort to squelch gambling in Chicago and clean the streets, that town will hardly be able to recognize itself.

The people of Hogansville will have to become accustomed to the colored supplement feature of the postal service.

NATHAN STRAUS AND STERILIZED MILK.

With such facts before us, it is somewhat amazing what indifference is shown to the nature of a city's public milk supply. Many a mother would have been spared anguish if every city had a Nathan Straus.—Augusta Chronicle.

Practical sanitation has made vast strides within the last few years, especially in the work done by the health departments in large cities, but if the statements of Nathan Straus before the National Conference of Mayors, now in session at Columbus, are correct, there is one important particular in which fearful, if not criminal, negligence still exists.—Detroit Free Press.

EDITORIALS BY THE PEOPLE.

Withdraw Van Wyck and Tracy.

New York, Oct. 4, 1897.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Was there ever a greater political conglomerate farce than the existent conditions now confronting the honest voters who, in four short weeks, want to deposit their ballots for a proper candidate for Mayor of this imperial city of Greater New York, and is it not an evil of absurdities that two "political prostitutes" like "Tom" Platt and "Dick" Croker should possess the power to keep our citizens in a condition of ferment and confusion in getting such candidates as may prove puppets in their hands in the grand scramble for the $72,000,000 of public plunder which may come under the manipulations of a Van Wyck or a Tracy, with "Dick" or "Tom" to pull the string.

Out upon such infernal chicanery! Let the fight be an honest fight, with no French ball habitue on the one side or no political "good enough Morgan" on the other. Let Tammany withdraw its little "Van" and give us a representative man like Andrew H. Green, Judge Lawrence, or, perhaps better still, indorse honest Henry George, whose integrity and good faith none can dispute. Let the Republicans pull Tracy down and play the Low game if they are in earnest in wanting honest government for the city. With such men as candidates, the election of either of them would be an honor to the voters, and good government would be assured anyhow.

The great desideratum is to relegate "bossism" to a condition of innocuous desuetude," and to bury the aspirations of such men as Platt and Croker beyond all hopes of resurrection! For all of which we humbly pray.

VERNON SEAMAN.
123 Liberty street.

Henry George and True Democracy.

New York, Oct. 4, 1897.

To the Editor of the Journal:

I was very much gratified this morning over your editorial relating to Henry George. Wherever the human pulse beats for liberty his name is known as a household word. The political hacks are of the past; they will not rule the people in the future. True Democracy must not only be successful in this municipal election, but George will pave the way to a glorious victory in 1900 for that party.

F. K. PORTER.

A German on Croker.

Oct. 4, 1897.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Do you know that Richard Croker refused to permit Mr. Sohmer to be a candidate for Mayor just because he was German born, and Croker said he would not have a German at the head of the ticket! What kind of a city is this, anyhow, that lets such a man as Croker be in a situation where he can say who will and who will not be a candidate? Croker ran away when he thought the Democracy would lose, and now he comes back from Europe and imposes his leadership on the great Democratic organization. Sohmer is a better American than this gutter-born Croker, with his criminal record, at least. Every German-born citizen ought to fight every candidate who wears the Croker brand.

HENRY ALTSCHUL.

An Irishman on Croker.

Oct. 4, 1897.

To the Editor of the Journal:

If there is anything an Irishman hates it is a renegade, and that is what I call Dick Croker, the Tammany Boss. Croker is ashamed of being an Irishman. He was willing to play the lackey to get a condescending word from the Prince of Wales when his place as a pretended party leader was here. He was too cowardly to either oppose or favor openly the Chicago platform, and when the men of the Democratic party had fought it out he came back and wants to be the boss of New York. If the Democratic party meets defeat this Fall it will be because Croker, renegade and coward, is too much in evidence.

A TRUE IRISHMAN.

Henry George's Qualifications.

Oct. 4, 1897.

To the Editor of the Journal:

There is always a complaint in this country that the best men will not take interest in politics, but leave the affairs of government to the fortuitous selections of boss-ridden conventions. New York has an opportunity to profit by a departure from this unfortunate state of affairs. Henry George is a political economist of world-wide fame. "Progress and Poverty" has engaged the thoughts of the intelligent men of every civilized nation of the earth for two decades. He is known and honored by millions who have never heard of Low, Van Wyck or Tracy, and would not hear of one of them, even though he was elected Mayor of Greater New York. Henry George is a greater man than the Mayor of New York, and this city ought to count itself fortunate in getting the chance to have him for its Chief Executive. As far as the fear of his not being practical enough for the office, what could be more absurd? This man, to whom the problems of government are as familiar as the letters of the alphabet, to be unequal to coping with the difficulties of a Mayor's office, where his duties are defined in the plainest law-tested terms! George as Mayor would think with the same brain that George the political economist uses, and no critic has yet accused him of any lack of ability in deciding between the true and the false in his chosen field. George is a true Democrat, which is a term broader than any party. He is not demagogue nor politician, but an honest man, rich only in brains, and in them richer probably than any man of his day.

T. F. LINDHURST.

The Peach and the Star.

THE divinity that doth hedge about the Czar of Russia or the high priest of the Cits is as nothing to the guard stationed to ward off advances on the little star that twinkles at the Empire Theatre. Therefore do I set forth this tale of the peach-laden path that led to the fluffy little lady that is filling the house that Frohman built.

SCENE I.

Lobby of Empire Theatre, ablaze with light.

Woman (standing at box office window; within ticket man indicates by his manner his importance)—Could you give me Miss Maude Adams's address?

Ticket Man (expressing suspicion, indignation, amazement, disgust, disdain)—Miss Adams's address?

Woman—Yes.

T. M.—Miss Adams's address? Her address? Well! (After long meditation.) I don't know.

Woman—Doesn't she live in New York?

T. M. (after long meditation)—I don't know—I suppose so.

Woman—She is acting here, isn't he?

Maude Adams is inscribed in gilt letters on the marble slab at the door; Maude Adams fires in a luminous stream far out into the street; Maude Adams shines over and under the portals, she looks gayly and gravely from small frames and big ones.

T. M. (after long meditation)—Well! Well! Yes.

Important-looking man in dress suit crosses lobby, glances at woman, enters box office. Man inside whispers to him. Both look at woman.

Another important-looking man crosses lobby; enters box office.

T. M. and First I. M. (whispering audibly to Second I. M.)—She wants to see Miss Adams.

Woman—Yes. I'd like to send a card to her.

Omnes—Impossible. No cards allowed.

Woman—Well, but——

Omnes—For any further information go to stage door.

SCENE II.

At stage door five dudish young men within view stroll with studied nonchalance. All carry canes, all wear high hats. Watch woman eagerly.

An important looking man in rough clothes, with proprietary air, stands in front of door. Eyes woman suspiciously.

Woman (presenting her card)—Could you ask if I might see Miss Adams for a moment?

Important Man—Nop.

Woman—Why? Isn't she there?

I. M.—Well, maybe she is, an' maybe she aint.

Woman—Could you find out?

I. M.—My business is here.

Woman—Might I ask what you are here for?

I. M.—What I'm here for? What for? Why to receive people! What do you s'pose?

Woman—Well—er, after you've received them—er what happens?

I. M.—Well, they go in there.

During this five dudes express varying degrees of interest and anxiety. Important man opens the door behind him and woman sees a hallway about three feet square. At the end of it another door. A box on one side encloses a man in shirt sleeves.

Woman—Might I speak to him?

I. M. (with a grin)—Yes, yer might.

SCENE III.

Woman (to man in box)—Could you take a card to Miss Adams for me?

Man in Box (indicating his importance by his manner)—A card?

Woman—Yes, my card.

Man in Box—Nop. Nothin' allowed inside during the performance.

Woman—Couldn't you take a note to Miss Adams for me?

Man in Box—A note? (Tone expresses disgust, disdain, indignation, suspicion, amazement.) Nothin' allowed in durin' the performance.

Woman (suddenly inspired by desperation)—How about flowers?

Man in box (scratching his head as if perplexed)—There ain't no law agin' flowers.

SCENE IV.

On street.

Woman (turning to man at door)—I'll be back in a minute.

Five dudes twirl their sticks and stand watching her with open mouths. Woman starts up Broadway. Looks back, sees five dudes following. Shows that she is annoyed and flattered. A policeman suddenly appears in front of a saloon.

Woman (addressing policeman)—Is there a flower store near here?

Policeman—Well, now, I dunno.

Woman crosses over to Sixth avenue protected by the eyes of five dudes.

Woman (addressing policeman in front of saloon at corner)—Is there a flower store near here?

Policeman—Well, now, lady, dunno. There's plenty in daytime, but none 'bout here of nights.

Woman appears on Broadway. Stands in front of a cake store, apparently in deep thought. Walks a few feet and gazes long and earnestly at jars heaped with candies. Contemplates with interest huge piles of oysters in a restaurant window. Suddenly crosses quickly to a fruit store.

Woman (addressing Italian boy in front of store)—Let me have some fruit, some peaches, quickly. Here, put them in one of those baskets.

Five dudes speak their first sp—ch, sotto voce—She's given it up. Wants some fruit for breakfast. Poor thing, keeps house somewhere. If she can't, I can't.

Five dudes about to turn away when woman emerges with fruit in her hand. Dudes follow her down Broadway to Empire Theatre.

SCENE V.

Woman (addressing man in box inside stage door)—These are for Miss Adams.

Man in Box—Hein?

Woman—Yes, peaches for Miss Adams.

Man in Box (peering into basket)—Peaches?

A large man appears from inside the theatre.

Man in Box (explaining)—Peaches for Miss Adams!

Large Man—Peaches! Well, well! Third act's just beginnin'. Can't give in nothin' now.

Woman—When it ends—perhaps—?

Both Men—Well, come back at the end of the act. (Exit woman.)

Business: Both men search in basket for dynamite.

SCENE VI.

Five minutes later.

Woman—Has the fruit gone in?

Man in Box—'Taint here.

Man in shirt sleeves appears from behind scenes through inside door.

Man in Shirt Sleeves—Did you send peaches to Miss Adams?

Woman—Yes.

Man in S. S.—Well, wait a minute.

Boy in buttons appears.

Boy in B.—Did you send peaches to Miss Adams?

Woman—Yes.

Boy in B.—Well, wait a minute.

Woman in apron appears.

Woman in A.—Did you send peaches to Miss Adams?

Woman—Yes.

Woman in A.—Well, wait a minute.

Neat looking woman in black appears.

Woman in B.—Did you send peaches to Miss Adams?

Woman—Yes.

Woman in B.—Well, step this way.

SCENE VII.

Man in shirt sleeves comes outside and shoves himself into his coat with emphasis—Well, I'll be ——! She got in on the peaches!

Chorus of Dudes—She got in on the peaches!

SCENE VIII.

Italian fruit store. Eleven o'clock.

Small Boy in Charge—Great business tonight! Sell all my rotten deft over peach! Five big basket—go to Empire Theatre. What goin' on there? Must be one big peach scene. Me go see, some day soon.

EMMA KEMP.

A Memory of St. John's Park.

THE story in the Journal the other day concerning the "dreamy old Greenwich village cemetery," which is being turned into a park, to be called St. John's, recalls to the minds of some of the old-time residents of little Carmine street strange recollections of the once noted old American quarter of the city.

It especially recalled to the mind of the writer an incident of thirty-four years ago that was the talk of the Ninth Ward for a long time afterward. At that time a big white stone church stood in Carmine street, north side, within fifty feet of the cemetery. Members of the congregation were lot owners in the cemetery, and many of their ancestors had been laid to rest in the vaults of the big church. So had many members of their families.

For thirty years the church had stood on the site in that street where there are now big tenement houses. In its grim vaults way down below the level of the noisy thoroughfare there had lain for many years, "sleeping the sleep that knows no waking," many men whose names in their lifetime had been popular household words in this city.

There came a day when the uptown movement compelled the trustees to sell the church. For several years there had been but few burials in the vaults, and they had almost been forgotten, when the walls of the edifice were torn down. So the removal of dead bodies was a mere matter of business. It was decided that where bodies had crumbled out of a form or gone to fragments or dust, as many of these remains as could be placed in one new coffin should be taken away, coffin after coffin—fragments of many bodies in each.

It was in the afternoon of a bright Summer day when the work of removal began. The writer then lived in the little house No. 52 Carmine street, which was not far from the church, and which is still on the same spot without a jot of change in its outward appearance. He was a boy of twelve years that afternoon when he meandered down the stone steps into the vault chamber where the men were at work.

The sight was a strange one. Some coffins crumbled the moment they were touched and the air came in upon them. There was not a sign of remains in most of them other than dust and sometimes a bit of a bone.

In one coffin, as it fell to pieces when touched by a bar in a workman's hands, there was nothing but a long lock of hair. Even then, under a lantern light, it was still golden. Alongside of the damp wall was a casket which did not, like most of the others, go to pieces when moved. True, it was mouldy. In brushing off the clay that had fallen upon it from the age-worn stone ceiling the workmen saw a large plate. When scraped the metal brightened and the inscription showed that the coffin had been there twenty years. The name on the plate was that of a boy. His age was given as ten years.

The writer, boy like, curiously gazed at, and the workmen, businesslike, examined closely the plate and coffin. The latter was uttrely unlike any of the other coffins. It did not crumble when touched.

But when the lid, which was one slab of oak that reached from the head to the foot of the casket, was handled, it came off in one unbroken piece, the screws dropping as it was lifted.

The sight that met the eyes of the writer and the workmen will never be forgotten. Even in writing these lines it comes up so vividly to the writer's mind that it seems as if it was but yesterday that it occurred.

Ah! if the mother of that ten-year-old boy, who had beheld her darling for the last time twenty years before, could have been there that day the lid was lifted from that green mould-covered coffin!

In a moment, even the burly workingmen stood back with awe. One took off his hat and fell upon his knees.

When the lid was lifted, there before our eyes lay the body of a sweet-faced little boy. The hair looked as if it had just been smoothly brushed. There was a peaceful smile on the pale face, and the little hands were joined together on the breast. The white shroud looked as if it had just come out of a laundry.

But this was simply a flash-sight, as it were, for suddenly, as the air came in upon it, the face gradually began to sink away like mist under sunlight, and the hands softly moved as they, too, faded.

Slowly the face, the hands, the shroud shrank; slowly, slowly, slowly the whole form drifted away, until nothing was finally visible but a handful of dust of the dead of twenty years before.

INDIAN SUMMER SONG.

A lulling song of locusts—the hum of golden bees,
And you seem to hear the sap flow through the thrilled veins of the trees;
And the hazy, mazy, dainty, dreaming world around you seems
Like a mystic land enchanted—like a paradise of dreams!

Blue smoke from happy huts—
A rain of ripened nuts,
And far away, o'er meadows ringing,
Sweet sound, as of a woman singing:
"Comin' through the rye—
Comin' through the rye!"

And the faint, uncertain, silver tenor of a bell
That summons all the winds to prayer in many a cloistered dell;
And then a thrush's music from groves with golden gleams,
The wild note of a mocking bird, and still the dreams! the dreams!

Blue smoke from happy huts—
A rain of ripened nuts,
And far away, o'er meadows ringing,
Sweet sounds as of a woman singing:
"Comin' through the rye—
Comin' through the rye!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

One Way of Making a Cook.

UP in the Adirondack forests, where J. Pierpont Morgan has recently acquired a splendid camp from W. West Durant, and where Tim Woodruff spent a part of last Summer, at Kamp Kora, on Lake Kill-Kare, the most difficult problem of living has to do with the cuisine.

Servants dislike to go so far away from the city for any length of time, and of course it is impossible to find in those wilds a cook that could even approximate the palate requirements of New Yorkers.

Durant has probably lived longer in the Adirondack region than any other camper, or, at least, his camping seasons have been longer.

In this way he was confronted with the necessity of devising some means for obtaining the permanent services of a competent cook.

After studying the problem for a long time he hit upon a plan that worked to a charm.

He induced the wife of a woodsman to go to New York City and study the cuisine of Delmonico's and the Waldorf. He paid her board, while she was taking lessons of the famous chefs of these resorts, and altogether expended $300 or $400 on her culinary education.

The result was eminently satisfactory. His new cook had learned so much and could put her learning to such use that his guests, and he had many of them, could not refrain from expressing their wonder at the delicacies of his table. They could not understand, until he revealed the secret, how such cooking could obtain in the heart of the wilderness.

I don't know whether J. Pierpont Morgan got Durant's cook when he bought Durant's camp, but it's dollars to doughnuts that he did.

J. Pierpont Morgan is right quick to recognize a good thing when he sees it, and to corral it when he recognizes it.

Here is the oddest story that I have heard this Summer:

A certain wealthy man, not unknown in this same Adirondack region, of which I have just been writing, was greatly distressed at the growing coldness of his wife toward himself.

From an extremely warm and loving spouse, she had gradually changed until she was little more than a human icicle.

His concern about the matter was so great that he actually employed a celebrated specialist to come from the city to his Adirondack camp to make an examination and determine what the matter was.

At first the famous physician was puzzled, but after studying his patient for a fortnight he came to a conclusion that he refused at first to impart to the anxious husband.

The latter demanded to know the diagnosis, and was so persistent and so imperative in the matter that the specialist finally yielded.

"What is it?" repeated the impatient spouse.

"Well, if you insist," answered the learned man, "it is that handsome young doctor in the next camp."

There is a divorce suit pending now, and "that handsome young doctor" is the co-respondent.

This is no idle romance, as the court records will ultimately show, and the co-respondent has the reputation of being the most beautiful man in the entire metropolitan medical profession.

Moreover, there are other cases of cardiac congealing in the fine world, but the husbands are not hiring expensive specialists to tell them what the matter is.

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Marie Graves to Mr. Herman Harjes, of the Paris firm of Drexel, Harjes & Co., has come as a surprise to certain persons who had made up their minds that the young lady would surely become the bride of another chappie.

Nor was any one more astonished, if report be true, than that same chappie himself.

Love is surely an uncertain quantity and one that even the marriage altar frequently fails to fix.

Miss Graves's father was the late Robert Graves, of Brooklyn, who made millions out of the wallpaper trade and was as fine an old gentleman as one could wish to know.

And speaking of trade reminds me of the venture of E. Kenyon Stowe and Harry K. Vingut, those two efflorescent ornaments of the Meadowbrook Hunt.

They are trying to pay their bills for oats by selling gas stoves that "consume the atmosphere."

Just what that means I don't know, but Eddie Gwynne, who is nephew to Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr., has some sort of interest in the business, and a dozen others of the Westbury set, which is largely predisposed to trade anyway, have become voluntary agents for the Stowe-Vingut air-consuming gas stove.

It looks as though the cake walk had come into the social world to stay.

While Mrs. William E. D. Stokes was amusing herself with this highly intellectual form of entertainment in her new barn, near Lexington, Ky., Mr. and Mrs. Harry Trevor were doing a like thing at Southampton.

Who will be the first to give a cake walk in town this Winter?

Mein Lieber Herr Boldt, as becomes a connection (business) of the Astors, is going to do the charitable as well as the picturesque in opening the new Astoria Hotel.

One feature will be an entertainment for charity under the patronage of Mrs. Richard Irwin, Mrs. William C. Whitney, Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies, Mrs. Frederick Edey, Mrs. William S. Wells and Mrs. George C. Boldt.

As the date set for the entertainment is November 1, Mrs. Whitney will be absent in Europe, but Mrs. Irwin, who lives at the Waldorf, and Mrs. Boldt will be there.

The tickets are only $5 each, and as they include supper as well as the entertainment, they would be cheap at half the money.

"Purr" Collier is an eagle bird.

There is no height to which he will not soar, no eyrie on which he will not nest.

He has leased the Post residence on Washington Square North, which is not only immensely aristocratic, but most devilishly convenient for "Purr's" purpose.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

His Baptism.

"Teddie," said the minister, while mamma was out superintending the preparation of dinner, "have you ever been baptized?"

Teddie was not quite sure whether he had or not, and after indulging in deep thought for a moment, replied:

"Do you git baptized on the arm so you won't ketch things?"—Cleveland Leader.